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# Are you a Listener?

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ARE YOU A LISTENER?      by Sara Ann Alexander

SIRT-1,  
the assertive one,  
looks like a sun with orbiting  
neuro-responsibility,  
stress resistance,  
and insulin sensitivity.  
Similarly, the sun hits my skin  
and it's back again:  
unwelcome warmth  
in the course—  
fingers turn blue  
while they trace routes of Neptune,  
now the furthest planet away,  
the only one Johann Galle did not see first.  
He projected his feelings  
on a plane,  
played with instruments,  
knowing the distance  
and other planets in the way.  
A stray orbit of Uranus told him  
to look in the telescope, then  
named the blue transgressor  
after the Roman God of the Sea.

Lesser known omens  
cling to cope  
and flits of hope  
drown and swallow  
harrowing pleas.

SIRT-1 failed my energy,  
dimmed stars  
in my sky.  
Mitochondrial orbits  
as big as a cell—  
the nuclear core bits a dysfunctional hell,  
enzyme function that cannot tell  
why the lie is better than  
stifled reality.  
I'm more like Maria  
than you could ever see,  
and I take my own great exceptions to ill hours.

Who else is out there?  
Shakespeare, you can leave  
unless you too are a listener—  
scour the sky until fate's here  
and we all die,  
that signature move of the poet  
or who he claimed to be.